



NO ARGUMENT NEEDED

EVERY SUFFERER FROM CATARRH KNOWS
THAT SALVES, LOTIONS, WASHES, SPRAYS
AND DOUCHES DO NOT CURE.

Powders, lotions, salves, sprays and inhalers
cannot really cure Catarrh, because this disease is
a blood disease, and local applications, if they

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membrane of the throat and finally the stomach.

Tablets contain catarrhine, Sturt's catarrhine, and catarrhine, which are highly injurious to the stomach and the lungs, and the use of drug water and are equally beneficial for little children and adults.

Mr. C. R. Rembrandt of Rochester, N. Y., says: "I know of no people who have suffered as much as I have from catarrh of the throat and stomach. I used sprays, inhalers and powders for months at a time with only slight relief, and had no hope of cure. I had not the means to make a change of climate, which seemed my only chance of cure.

"Last spring I read an account of some remarkable cures made by Sturt's Catarrh Tablets, and promptly bought a fifty-cent box from my druggist, and used them as directed. After using the first package that I continued to use them daily until I now consider myself entirely free from the disgusting nuisance of catarrh; my head is clear,

greatly improved until I feel I can hear as well as ever. They are a household necessity in my family."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are sold by druggists at 25¢ for complete treatment, and for convenience, safety and prompt results they are undoubtedly the long-looked-for catarrh cure.

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any insurgents watching us they must certainly have been cowards not to attack us. I am sure they could have slaughtered us like rabbits.

We reached the top in safety, and, of course, could not see any of the natives. In a house near by a large quantity of opium had been stored, and the house burned. Upon our return here we were told that this house belonged to a lieutenant of the insurgents. It reached also told us that there were more than fifty men in the stronghold, but I could not imagine why he did not attack our little party.

After a brief but not a long stay, the lieutenant decided to return, as he thought, we were getting too far away from our base. Our captives and one of our policemen had escaped in the jungle. We reached the bay at the same mishap and joined our disabled men.

We were ordered to take off everything except our pants and ammunition and to start up another trench. We had gone about a mile without getting anything to eat or drink. The natives did not want to go on. Arriving at a house he held them until we got more information, but the native only wanted to take us back to the camp.

Native Anti-American

They are, to a man, around this bay loyal to the insurgents and disloyal to our country. We were at Consolation nearly three months and for all we could find out there were no secrets were a myth, but we were with- in a day's march of their headquarters.

We explored for a short distance two miles westward from the beach. We found

other rivers, neither of which filled the description, so the Lieutenant decided to give it up for that day.

We were pretty well worn out. I judge we had made about fifteen miles up the mountains. We were about eighteen miles from our post and expected to go into camp for the night and march in the next day. It was then about 5 o'clock. Imagine our surprise to receive the order that we should make our post that night.

The first town was about five miles away. Upon arriving there we found that the party was the party was in and he ordered a large boat launched, which held about twelve men. We put the worst cases in this boat and sent them on. We had about thirteen miles to go. We had had nothing to eat since 12 o'clock, and no prospects of

until we reached Matlacha. The boats were in two and three abreast. Some came in small boats, while others could not finish the march and laid out all night. No supper was given them, and they were left to find their own means of getting their rations for that day and would get no more, so they laid down with empty stomachs. This ended one day of a soldier's life in the wilderness. The same men are out on another like tonight.

I had an idea that the Insurrection was a thing until a few days ago, when Lieut. Col. Mariana Pacheco of the Insurgent army walked into our headquarters here and surrendered. He presented as good an appearance as a militia officer on parade. He had a silver-mounted dagger on which was engraved "Liberacion de Yucatan 1847." He carried a belt with a belt full of ammunition for

The lieutenant received his surrender and then told him to go to the president's house with his arms to change his uniform to civilian dress. He soon emerged on the street dressed like a swell. He was looked upon as a swell.

He is a nice-looking half-breed; about twenty-five years of age, and has very intelligent look. His fingers are covered with rings, and he wears a large diamond ring on his left hand. He also has the largest I ever saw on a hand. He also has a gold cross around his neck, in which is enshrined another diamond ring. He has about \$5,000 pieces of the Insurgents' money which a detachment of soldiers brought from a town across the bay. He has a coat of arms on his chest, and attached all over the room. It would have made a free silver man weep to have seen it. There was but \$250.00 of it gold, and the rest was silver.

suppose he will be sent to Tacloban on the next boat. He spends his time at cock fights, riding around in a carriage and dealing monte, at which game he is said to be adept. He has nice side whiskers, is very polite and would make a good dry goods storekeeper. He is a member of the 43d Volunteer Infantry, of whom I have written in one of my letters, deserted and came to them voluntarily, and that it was a mistake to say that he had been taken from the Krag rifles which were stolen from our camp about six weeks ago came direct to them, and that the whole scheme was concocted by him. He is a deserter from the 43d Volunteer Infantry. The boys say they will make it warm for him if they should ever meet on his trail.